Religious Reliques,

Or, the SALE at the *SAVOY*; upon the JESUITS Breaking up their SCHOOL and CHAPPEL.

[1]

LAſt Sunday, by chance,
I Encounter'd with *Prance*,
That Man of Upright Converſation,
Who told me ſuch News,
That I cou'd not chuſe
But Laugh at his ſad Declaration.

[2.]

Says he, if you'l go,
You ſhall ſee ſuch a Show
Of Reliques Expos'd to be Sold,
Which from Sin and Diſeaſe
Will Purge all that pleaſe
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

[3]

Straight with him I went,
Being Zealouſly bent,
Where for Sixpence the Man let me in,
But the Crowd was ſo great,
I was all in a Sweat
Before the Rare Show did begin.

[4]

The Curtain being drawn,
Which I think was of Lawn,
The *PRIEST* Croſs'd himſelf thrice, and bow'd;
Then with a ſour Face,
Denoting his Caſe,
He addreſs'd himſelf thus to the Crowd.

[5]

You ſee our ſad State,
'Tis a folly to prate,
Our Church and our Cauſe is a-ground;
So in ſhort, if you've Gold,
Here is to be Sold
For a Guinny the worth of Ten Pound.

[6]

Here's St. *James*'s old Bottle,
It holds juſt a Pottle,
With the Pilgrims Habit he wore;
The ſame Scollop ſhells,
As our Holy Church tells,
Who denys it's the Son of a Wh——.

[7]

Here's a piece of the Bag,
By Age turn'd to a Rag,
In which *Judas* the Money did bear;
With a part of his Rope,
Bequeath'd to the *POPE*,
As an Antidote 'gainſt all deſpair.

[8]

Here's a Rib of St. *Laurence*,
'Tis alſo at *Florence*,
And it may be in *France*, or in *Spain*;
It Cures Stone and Gravel,
And Women in Travel
It delivers without any Pain.

[9]

Here's St. *Joſeph*'s old Coat,
Though ſcarce worth a Groat,
Its plainneſs does ſhew he'd no Pride;
Yet this he had on,
For beſides it he'd none,
The day that he Marry'd his Bride.

[10]

His Breeches are there,
A plain Leather Pair,
Come Buy the whole Suit, if you pleaſe;
They'l defend you from th' Itch,
From Hag and from Witch,
And preſerve you from Bugs and from Fleas.

[11]

Here's the Gall of a Saint,
For ſuch as do faint,
Or are troubled with Fits of the Mother;
Nay, if your Breath ſtink,
Worſe than Cloſe-ſtool or Sink,
It will Cure you as ſoon as the other.

[12]

Here's a Prayer of Pope *John*,
The like to't is none,
If you ſay it but three times a year;
Three hundred in grace,
And three hundred 'twill place
In Heaven, if they ever come there.

[13]

Here's our Lady's old Shoo,
Which in Old-time was new,
It will Cure all your Kibes and your Corns;
With the Coyfe of St. *Bridget*,
To be worn by each Ideot,
Whoſe Head is tormented with Horns.

[14]

Heres a Bottle of Tears,
Preſerv'd many years,
Of *Mary's* that once was a Sinner;
Some o'th' Fiſh and the Bread
That the Five Thouſand fed,
Which our Saviour Invited to Dinner.

[15]

Here's St. *Francis* own Cord,
You may take't on my word,
Who dies in it cannot be Damn'd;
Do but buy it, and try,
If I tell you a lye,
Many Thouſands of Heaven are ſhamm'd.

[16]

Here's his Holineſs's Beard,
Of whom you have heard,
That the Hereticks called Pope *Joan*,
Yet this I dare Swear
Was his natural Hair,
Or elſe I'll be Sworn he had none.

[17]

Its Vertue is ſuch,
That if it does touch
Your Head, or your Face, or elſe-where,
It does ſtrait-way Reſtore
More than e're was before,
Though by Age or by Action worn bare.

[18]

Here's St. *Chriſtopher*'s Boot,
For his Right Leg and Foot,
Which he wore when he ply'd at the Ferry,
When on's Shoulders he bore
His Bleſſed Lord o're,
For the Poor Man had never a Wherry.

[19]

Such as Sail on the Seas,
I am ſure it will pleaſe,
For its parrallel never was found;
Neither Tempeſt nor Storm
Can e're do 'em harm,
Nor is't poſſible they ſhou'd be drown'd.

[20]

Here's infinite more,
I have by me in ſtore,
All which lye conceal'd in this Hamper;
Either buy 'em to day,
Or I'll throw 'em away,
For to morrow, by Heaven, I'll ſcamper.

[21]

Our Market is done,
We muſt Shut up at Noon,
We expect 'em each hour at the Door;
We are Hang'd if we ſtay,
And we can't get away,
For none will, nor dare carry us o're.

[22]

But by th' Faith of a *PRIEST*,
This is no time to jeſt,
Since we're Baulk'd in our great Expectation;
Before I will Swing
Like a Dog in a String,
I'll Renounce the *Tranſubſtantiation*.

FINIS.